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Her een sae bright, her form sae light,  
She aften gies my heart a prance ;  
When zephyr-like, she bounds along  
To meet me in the merry dance.

I'll shortly mak her a' my ain,  
And then what is the wail to me,  
For peace and love shall crown my hame,  
Where I've my Emma Roseberry.

If fortune smiles, we'll use her gifts,  
Wi' caution, and sobriety,  
And should we hae a bit to spare,  
There's mair around to share it wi'.

But if our chance be nae sae guid,  
While providence shall grant us health,  
Industry aye will bring us food,  
Contentment is the best o' wealth.

Thus hand in hand we'll pass along,  
This life's uncertain chequered show,  
'Till He whose fiat brought us here,  
Shall call us where we're all to go.

And may the same all gracious pow'r,  
Still guide us by his counsels wise,  
Then death shall only seem a friend,  
To lead to bliss beyond the skies.

*Belfast, 1802.*

#### SONG.

*Tune—"Roy's wife of Aldivalloch."*

DAYS and years of bliss delighting,  
Each to some new joy inviting,  
Quickly how ye're fled from me ;  
Sorrow all my pleasures blighting.

My Emma was the fairest form,  
That ever graced a mortal's dwelling,  
Her modest worth, and peerless charms,  
Were far above my humble telling.

Days and years, &c.

Contentment ever smiled upon us,  
Peace and love were never from us,

Of worldly wealth we were but scant,  
And even of that Hope gave a promise.  
But now the sad reverse to me,  
While memory stern affliction rallies,  
For death has cropt the sweetest flow'r,  
That ever bloomed in Erin's vallies.

Days and years &c.

After labour, how refreshing,

Our frugal meal of simplest dressing,

Delicious it was still to me ;  
When sweetened by my love's caressing.  
Now dark and dreary is each scene,  
Though bleak December's wet and stormy,  
No cheerful fire, no frugal meal,

Nor kiss of welcome is there for me.

Days and years, &c.

Should you wander near a willow,  
Where Lagan westward heaves its billow,

Pause, and drop a feeling tear,  
For Emma there has made her pillow.  
And when this frame the stroke receives,  
Which soon or late must sure betide us ;  
Then gently lay me down to rest,

That death itself may not divide us.

*Belfast, 1805. Days and years, &c.*

#### ANSWER TO MRS. GREVILLE'S PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

BY A LADY.

WHILST tuneful Greville sweetly sings,  
The joys that cold indifference brings,  
A nobler theme I chuse,  
As tender feelings shall inspire,  
I tune my long neglected lyre,  
And court once more the muse.

I seek not fame, I ask not praise,  
Nor envy all the vernal bays,  
That bloom round Greville's head ;  
The laurel may her brown outwine,  
While, suited to my muse, o'er mine,  
Be humbler myrtle spread.

Sweet type of constancy and love,  
Its emblematic charm shall prove,  
The hope I'll ne'er resign ;  
In friendship warm, in love sincere,  
To me affection's bonds are dear,  
And may those joys be mine !

And pardon, Greville, though I dare,  
While I admire, reprove the prayer,  
That's breath'd in vain by thee ;  
Say shall a heart so formed to know  
The transports that from feeling flow,  
E'er wish for apathy ?

You seek no kind return in love,  
Its hopes and fears you would not prove,  
And scorn a lover's name ;  
You seek no tempting charm to please,  
But sigh for that insipid ease,  
Which every brute may claim.

Oh ! Greville, can that heart of thine,  
That breathes, that glows in every line,  
The sacred touch disown,  
Which bids the tear to pity flow,  
Which melts in grief at other's woe,  
Or makes their joys its own.

Shall she who "as the needle true,"  
That's made to turn and tremble too,  
A gift so rare despise ;  
Shall she, intended but to please,  
Whose smile can sorrow's bondage ease,  
Shall she, indifference prize.

Distress the mind may often wound,  
While bliss can scarce o'erpass the bound  
'Twixt joy and agony ;  
But who this boundary to attain,  
Would not o'erlook whole years of pain,  
Can never feel like me.

Should I a lover's fondness claim,  
I hope to feel an equal flame,  
I'll seek each charm to please ;  
Be blest by blessing what I love,  
And every selfish thought reprove,  
That tends to churlish ease.

Drive calm indifference far from me ;  
'Tis tender sensibility  
Alone true pleasure yields ;  
My days I would not have serene,

So hope but paint the varied scene,  
Which expectation gilds :  
Regret may oft extract a sigh,  
And disappointment cloud the sky,  
And blast my promis'd joys ;  
But hope again may warm my breast,  
And others' bliss may make me blest,  
When care my own destroys.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON BEING TOO MUCH  
FLATTERED.

HE says an angel's grace is thine,  
Heaven's in thy eye of blue,  
He calls thy face thy form divine,  
But dost thou think it true ?

Ah no ! nor God, nor nature gave  
To earth an angel's grace,  
And all of heaven thou here canst have,  
He wishes to debase.

He says thy locks are waving gold,  
Thy bosom mocks the snow,  
The same to hundreds he has told,  
And sworn that it was so.

Ah! trust him not, even though thou'rt fair,  
Yet why of that be vain ?  
Be virtue, rather all thy care,  
For short is beauty's reign. L.

ON THE REVIVAL OF THE IRISH MINSTRELSY.

OH! Minstrels, who on Erin's shore,  
Prepare to strike the Harp once more,  
And soon will pour your simple lays  
As did the Bards of other days !  
Oh ! will you not the deeds rehearse  
Which well deserve to live in verse ?  
'Twas this the youthful heart inspir'd  
That once with glory high was fir'd.  
This, that many an hero led,  
To rest on honour's gory bed.  
'Twas this that taught him how to die,  
Nor look to life, with mournful sigh—  
For well he knew the Minstrel's song,  
The days of heroes can prolong !

Ah ! when to Erin's verdant shore  
Some wand'rer shall return once more,  
Whose heart, perhaps, by care oppress'd,  
Had vainly sought afar for rest,  
When her green fields his eyes shall meet,  
His heart again with joy may beat.—  
For oh ! the dearest spot, on earth,  
The place appears, that gave us birth,  
Perhaps in vain he'd seek to tell,  
The feelings that his bosom swell,  
His voice could not the task essay,  
His trembling voice would die away,  
And when your plaintive strain he  
hears,

He'll turn aside to hide his tears ;  
But vain to chace them from his eyes,  
For swiftly as they flow, they rise.  
Oh ! Erin's strains what power to melt,  
Oh ! strains that soon as heard are felt,

BELFAST MAG. NO. V.

Whate'er the beating bosom feels,  
Thy plaintive language best reveals,  
That, oft in heartfelt murmurs dies,  
Or swells the note in lengthen'd sighs ;  
It speaks the heart by wrongs oppress'd,  
Wrongssuch as words had ne'er exprest ;  
When, youthful bards, the chord you  
sweep,

Then the patriot oft will weep,  
Perhaps on some tall cliff reclined,  
Your lays will reach him on the wind,  
'Twill seem to tell of days long past,  
'Twill tell of scenes by clouds o'ercast ;  
He'll think it is some Minstrel's shade,  
That loves to wander o'er the glade,  
To touch the harp to him so dear,  
The harp that Erin loves to hear ;  
Then in the transport of his soul,  
While down his cheek the big drops roll,  
For all the Minstrel race he'll pray,  
And all who love to hear their lay.

SELECTED POETRY.

The following verses, addressed to a young Lady, are from the pen of Mr. Robinson, Portrait Painter, formerly of this Town, but now of Dublin. Though they appeared some time ago in a periodical print, we present them to our readers as a specimen of spirited composition, on a subject Mr. Robinson so well illustrates by his pencil.

SWEET, as when April flings her showers,

O'er spicy shrubs, or opening flowers ;  
Whose balmy breath, by zephyrs borne,  
Gives fragrance to the dewy morn,  
Was Science—when her pencil bland  
First shed its influence o'er the land !

From Love's soft power fair Painting  
rose,\*

So genial warmth the floweret blows :  
While lul'd in sleep, the Greek reclin'd,  
The fair Cynthian virgin kind,  
As, young desire her fancy strung,  
O'er her lov'd youth enraptur'd hung !  
When Cynthia as her radiance stray'd  
On the smooth wall his face pourtray'd,  
And love with ready pencil drew  
The pleasing portrait into view !  
Hence what new scenes of Science rise ?  
See daring genius wing the skies ;  
Hence Raphael's hand with skill divine,†  
Marks out creation with a line,  
And Poussin's pencil, watery, pours  
Its deluge o'er the sounding shores, ‡  
In soft ethereal temper rise,  
See Claude's mild magic clear the skies,

\* The origin of Painting, as related by Pliny.

† Raphael's Picture of the Creation.

‡ Poussin's Picture of the Deluge.